

The Critic and Good Literature

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The Duty on Works of Art.

ONE half the humor of the farce 'For Congress' is supplied by a well-to-do rustic, named Wooley, whom General Limber—our old friend Colonel Sellers in a new avatar—persuades to go into politics. The simplicity of the old man's character and his total ignorance of affairs—peculiarities which admirably adapt him to serve the General's purposes—are revealed in his reply to the suggestion that he accept a nomination for Congress. 'Why,' says the innocent old fellow, 'I'm not fit to be a Member of Congress. A Member of Congress has got to be a very intelligent man. He's got to have a lot of book-learning; and he's always got to know what's best for the good of the country. He's got to be, not only a very good man, but a very great man. No; I'm not fit to be a Member of Congress.' The unconscious satire of this speech of course brings down the house.

The intellectual and moral quality of the good and great men who compose the House of Representatives was never better illustrated than in the debate and vote on the bill recently introduced for the equalization of the duties on imported works of art. Under the tariff of 1846, all foreign works of art introduced into the United States were admitted duty-free. The protective tariff of 1861 imposed upon them an *ad valorem* duty of ten per cent. The tariff adopted last year put a duty of thirty per cent on the works of foreigners, but left untaxed the productions of American artists living abroad. This tariff, still in force, was adopted at the very moment that Mr. Belmont, of this city, was, at the request of the Society of American Artists, urging the passage of a special bill relieving from taxation all imported art productions. An attempt was made during the present session of Congress to secure a vote upon this bill, but, as reported back to the House by the Committee on Ways and Means, it was so altered as to provide only for the imposition of a duty of ten per cent on *all* art-works coming through the Custom House, whether the productions of native-born or foreign artists. Mr. Dunn and Mr. Mills, the latter of Texas, were the spokesmen of the opposition to the amended bill. Their sole argument was that paintings and statues are 'luxuries of the rich,' and that the burden of taxation should be borne by the Goulds and Vanderbilts. This plea, Mr. Dunn seemed to fear, exposed him to the danger of 'being howled against as a communist or a demagogue;' but he was not to be frightened so easily from his allegiance to 'the toiling poor.' The advocates of the bill—Mr. Belmont, Mr. Hurd and Mr. Kasson—argued first, that, although it is highly desirable that the best works of art be brought to this country, the increased duty has checked their importation. They urged in the second place that, although American artists abroad are treated with the greatest consideration by foreign governments, this courteous treatment is imperilled by the action of Congress in discriminating between their productions and those of the citizens of the various countries in which they are studying. In the case of Italy, it was shown that the spirit of our

treaty with the Italian Government is plainly violated by such discriminative legislation. The Italian Parliament, indeed, has postponed the adoption of retaliatory measures only long enough to give the present Congress an opportunity to reconsider the ill-advised action of last year. Nor is the French Government disposed to regard more leniently the unjust discrimination of the existing tariff.

American artists, at home and abroad, are, of course, the persons immediately affected by legislation on this subject. What is their opinion of the present law? As a class, they do not approve it. Those who are living abroad, whether temporarily or permanently, find themselves placed in a very awkward position. While they are permitted to study without charge in the government art-schools of the Old World and are freely admitted to foreign museums, their fellow-students there are made the objects of hostile legislation in America. Naturally enough, they desire to rectify this wrong, and finding themselves unable to secure the free admission into this country of the works of foreign artists, they are willing to pay the same duties on their own productions that are exacted of their generous hosts and helpers. American artists at home are equally anxious to see justice done. But the protective element in Congress is too strong for them. At the instigation of the more influential old fogies of their own calling, it insists upon 'protecting' them against their own wishes. And the consequence of this policy will be, that, so far as Congress can bring it about, American art-students will be shut off from the inestimable advantage of foreign study and residence, and compelled to perfect themselves under the tutelage of men who fear to enter into free competition in the American market with the art-producers of the Old World.

Short work was made of Mr. Belmont's amended bill. After a half-hour's discussion, it was defeated by a vote of 178 to 52. Mr. Wooley's great and good men are in a minority in the present House of Representatives.

The Poets and the Time-Spirit.

TO THE CRITIC AND GOOD LITERATURE:

Mr. Harding in his interesting article in your issue of May 17th, on the effect of modern thought and culture on contemporary literature, has given a most sad and graphic picture of the moral condition of the age. His words seem to flood those who read with the same gray, joyless twilight, which grows denser and more stifling as they pause for an instant, and the voices of a multitude who have poured forth the sadness of the time come surging in from every side in a long, low threnody. What then does Mr. Harding mean when he says: 'Perhaps the most striking feature of the situation is the seeming unconcern of the poets. The time-spirit has set his foot upon the neck of mankind, and our poets, who should be the first to cry aloud and beat their breasts, are happy with their tinkling ballades and villanelles. . . . The poet who shall first voice the discontent of the age will find an echo in many a heart.' 'Listen' calls one from Dover Beach,—one saturated with the influence of the *Zeit-Geist*:

You hear the grating roar
Of pebbles which the waves suck back, and fling,
At their return, up the high strand,
Begin, and cease, and then again begin,
With tremulous cadence slow, and bring
The eternal note of sadness in.
Sophocles long ago
Heard it on the Ægean, and it brought
Into his mind the turbid ebb and flow
Of human misery: we
Find also in the sound a thought,
Hearing it by this distant northern sea.
The sea of faith
Was once, too, at the full, and round Earth's shore
Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furled;
But now I only hear
Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar.

Is the poet yet to come who shall make us feel more keenly the moral dreariness of our day? And surely the deep longing of the concluding passage is not the utterance of one 'happy with tinkling ballades':

Ah love, let us be true
To one another! for the world, which seems
To lie before us like a land of dreams,
So various, so beautiful, so new,
Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;
And we are here as on a darkling plain
Swept with confused alarm of struggle and flight,
Where ignorant armies clash by night.

In the magnificent soliloquy of Empedocles can we fail to read between the lines the discontent of the age in which we live, seaming with deep shadows of our own cold passion the clear-cut Grecian outline? One might pause again and again in turning the leaves of Mr. Arnold's poems, to trace through the shadows cast backward on Etna, through the spirit which breathes in 'The New Age,' 'Progress,' 'Lessing's Laocoön,' and many lines of the minor poems, the plaint of one who is weary from voicing the discontent of the age, who yet must speak 'but as he knows'—the plaint of one who is weary from the unutterable sadness of knowing that God's rich gifts were meant to make men breathe a diviner air. Thus is it a relief to catch one note of hope at Rugby Chapel, above the grave of one of the noblest of men; to find in 'Obermann,' after the sad keynote has been sounded many times, 'though late, though dimmed; though weak,' he is yet charged to tell 'hope to a world new-made.'

A noteworthy volume of poems by Frederic Myers appeared in 1870—the very year which Mr. Harding names as about the beginning of the new epoch. These poems are exquisite in expression, tremulous with a passion of eager faith and love, yet thrilled throughout with the wail of one who knows and suffers from the doubt, the pain, the longing for perfect knowledge with which the Time-Spirit urges his followers. We have space for only too few examples:

What can we do, o'er whom the unbeholden
Hangs in a night with which we cannot cope?
What but look sun-ward, and with faces golden,
Speak to each other softly of a hope.

And again:

O somewhere, somewhere, God unknown,
Exist and be!
I am dying; I am all alone;
I must have Thee!

But so intimately are the cry of doubt and the note of faith blended in these poems, that it seems impossible to separate them, even in quoting; it is indeed the true voice of the time. Again, in his 'Translation of Faith,' which to be appreciated should be read entire, we read:

The presence of a God has gone from men.
Live in your dreams, if ye must live, but I
Will find the light, and in the light will die.

In speaking of Tennyson, *The Spectator* says:

He has saved the higher poetry of our generation from despair, and it is remarkable enough that every other poet has so far felt either *his* influence, or some influence which he and they have felt in common, as to mingle with even the most profound expressions of unsatisfied longing a tacit assumption that it is something of the nature of faith—as surely it is—which confers the power to pour out doubt so truthfully and yet so sadly to the silent skies. . . . Is there not something remarkable about this consensus of the higher poets of our day in this frank and sad confession of doubt with an undertone of faith? . . . It seems to us to show one of two things—either that we are on the eve of a new and uncertain era of spiritual suspense—scepticism qualified by a yearning of hope—or that the way is preparing for a day of clearer and more solid trust than the world has yet known.

Arnold and Clough are classed as the two modern poets who have most nearly covered the same intellectual field as Shelley chose for his longing, musical, but utterly hopeless

utterances. Yet even in some of Clough's saddest lines we trace the beginning of the new faith of which the day-star has not yet risen with that radiance which shall surely belong to it in God's good time:

Though He be dead, He is not dead,
Nor gone, though fled,
Not lost, though vanished:
Though He returns not, though
He lies and moulders low;
In the true creed, He is yet risen indeed,
Christ is yet risen.

In Tennyson's matchless 'In Memoriam,' the loving doubt and the longing for knowledge and perfect faith, which are the very essence of the spirit of the time, are blended in an inspiration of soulful poetry which has rarely, if ever, in so high a degree fallen from the lips of man. If we echo the words of that perfect 'Invocation' in the same reverence with which they first found utterance, we can ask for no fuller exposition of the longing which is not greater, though more souls have grown upward into its knowledge since those words were spoken:

Strong Son of God, Immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace
Believing where we cannot prove,
Thou wilt not leave us in the dust:
Thou madest man, he knows not why;
He thinks he was not made to die;
And Thou hast made him; Thou art just.

The difficulty is, out of the vast abundance before us, to content ourselves with the mere crumbs of testimony which our space allows. Nor should we listen alone to the chief singers, when we wish to test the pulse of the age. Countless sweet, sad, earnest, voices well up on every side, for those who hearken:

Is it so, O Christ in heaven, that whichever way we go,
Walls of darkness must surround us, things we would but cannot know?

That the Infinite must bound us, as a temple veil unrent,
While the Finite ever wearies, so that none attain content.
(Sarah Williams.)

Yet up through heaven's deep blue we yearn and seek
Some answer to the vast and awful doubt;
The golden letters gleam—our eyes are weak
We cannot spell them out.
(G. Herbert Sass.)

Here are two lines from *The Century* for June, to show how the gloom-spirit breathes wherever we turn—the strongest comfort the author (C. P. Cranch) gives us, in a sonnet on 'Life and Death,' being

Assured, whatever may befall,
That must be somehow best that comes to all.

There is scarce more comfort in Blanco White's celebrated sonnet on the same subject:

If Light can thus deceive, wherefore not Life?

Has not the discontent of the age been only too freely voiced and echoed? And who shall find medicine for its anguish in words like these? Even George Eliot's closing sigh, noble as it is, seems only to take us backward, long ages, to a time when the Greek looked forward to futurity as a state which heroic souls could meet with fortitude, but where the keen electric flash of joy and love were unknown:

Oh may I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence; live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night—

Let us rather look with burning impatience for the poet who shall first soar as the lark high up in the heavens of the new faith, with a matin song so inspiring that the saddened world shall thrill to his note in glad, heart-yielding response. Thank God, we hear already the sound of these fluttering lark-wings, though the flight is not yet:

A little longer still—Patience, Belovèd,
A little longer still, ere Heaven unroll
The glory and the Brightness, and the Wonder
Eternal and divine that waits thy soul!

(Adelaide Procter.)

And everywhere it is the gospel of love, blending with duty and reverence which is to work the glorious change:

Oh Age that half believ'st, thou half believ'st,
Half doubt'st, the substance of thine own half doubt,
And half perceiving that thou half perceivest,
Stand'st at thy temple door, heart in, head out!
Lo! while thy heart's within, helping the choir,
Without, thine eyes range up and down the time,
Blinking at o'er-bright science, smit with desire,
To see and not to see. Hence crime on crime.
Yea, if the Christ (called thine) now paced yon street,
Thy haleness hot with His rebuke would swell;
Legions of scribes would rise and run and beat
His fair intolerable wholeness twice to Hell.

How e'er thou turn'st wrong Earth! still Love's in sight,
For we are taller than the breadth of night. (Sidney Lanier.)

But the strongest and clearest voice of hope is Browning's:
So never I miss footing in the maze;
No—I have light, nor fear the dark at all!

FRANCESE L. TURNBULL.

BALTIMORE, MD., May 23, 1884.

Reviews

"A Roman Singer." *

IN JUDGING the success of 'A Roman Singer,' the author's object in writing it is always to be kept in mind. As a serial, the delicate charm of the workmanship kept one oblivious of its faults as a novel; read as a whole, it is now 'borne in' upon the reader that the story itself is of very little interest, that the hero and heroine are singularly lifeless, and that the whole is unpardonably long. That which seems the most glaring of faults, however, is in reality part of the play. Mr. Crawford never set to work to tell us an entertaining story or interest us in a hero or a heroine; his own interest, and the interest which he meant to rouse in us, all lay with the old man who tells the story of his love for 'his boy.' Everything that could enhance the strangeness of this love is brought into play. The boy is not his own boy, but an adopted child of inferior position in life. He takes to music, which the old professor cannot abide—at least in comparison with philosophy,—and he loves a pale Northerner with blue eyes and no proper sense of intrigue; but the passionate affection of the old man twines about his idol, till he comes to be proud of his boy's excelling in the hated music, and to so delight in the woman his boy loves as to feel a charm in her statuesqueness superior to the pleasures of intrigue, and when she is faint upon the staircase to be 'glad that he was old, that he might have a right to comfort her.' His object, then, being the delineation of the purely unselfish and passionate attachment of an old man for a younger man, it would not have been strange if Mr. Crawford had made his hero and heroine even less interesting than they are. Duller he could not have made them; for the pale Hedwig is a perfect nonentity to us, and in spite of the old man's dwelling upon the fire and spirit and audacity of his boy, Nino Cardegna remains for us, when the book is finished, merely a man who could sing and who married the daughter of a German count.

All the interest lies where Mr. Crawford wished it to lie—with the interesting old man, who tells his story with all the prolixity of an Italian and the inconsequence of a woman. The point of view—that of an Italian somewhat 'close' in his household expenses but a very spendthrift in love—is kept always in sight. There is scarcely a lapse. If the old man takes a journey, we are told not what you or I or Mr. Crawford would have seen on that jour-

ney, nor even what there was to be seen, but simply what the old professor would naturally have noticed. The one incident of Mr. Crawford's own experience which is worked in—that of the old man being made to watch unconsciously with a corpse—is turned to the proper angle and made to contribute to the old man's pleasure in saving the expense of a night's lodging. Once in a great while it is evident that Mr. Crawford's modern and American pen fairly itches to dwell on that different kind of unimportant detail which is as much the passion of our novelists as the trifles dear to an Italian story-teller. He would like, for instance, to tell us a little more about how Hedwig felt as she moved across the room, or how the folds of her dress fell; but he restrains himself very soon, and lets the old man prose on instead, taking care to mention, if he speaks of Nino's putting on a cloak, that it was a good cloak and still quite warm, though nearly threadbare, etc. Herein again lies almost an apology for the other glaring fault of the novel: its interminable length. It is not, however, a just apology, for the Italian tediousness can be made just as evident in a sketch of a dozen pages as in a volume of three hundred. It may be objected that our American novels are not longer than Scott's or Dickens's or Thackerays's or Trollope's or Charles Reade's; but the latter usually cover a lifetime, sometimes even more than one generation, while the incidents in any one of our American serials rarely cover more than a year or two in the lives of their character. They are all mere studies of life and character, spun out to the length, but not rounded into the completeness of genuine novels.

'A Roman Singer' deals with only a single year, and with only a single incident. There are no obstacles; a young singer falls in love with a young girl above him; her father declines to give her up and carries her away, but the young couple meet without much difficulty, agree to run away, and do run away, are not pursued to any extent worth talking about, are married and live happily ever after. An unnecessary Baroness and a superfluous Baron, entertaining enough in their way, appear upon the scene in the course of it, but contribute neither aid nor obstacle. The book is not properly a novel, if we bear in mind Matthew Arnold's definition of a novel as 'fit details, strictly combined, in view of a large general result, nobly conceived.' There is plenty of 'fit detail,' from the brilliant intellectual musical chapter that introduces Benoni, and the bits of his wisdom, such as suggesting that only man has the capacity to be a fool, to the quiet little touch of the cat being carried to the opera on the night of Cardegna's *début* lest she should eat up the unusual amount of meat in the house for the late supper in celebration, and to the old professor's anxiety that we should attribute Nino's paleness, not to his having too little to eat, but to his being in love. The 'fit details,' however, are not 'strictly combined,' and there is no large general result, because none had been planned; but if 'A Roman Singer' must be relegated, not to the novels, but the stories, it is to be remembered with gratitude that it is a story most beautifully told.

"The Unity of Nature." *

AFTER many years the Duke of Argyll has followed up his 'Reign of Law' with an equally able and significant work on 'The Unity of Nature.' His style in the new book is quite as eloquent and pleasing as in the old, the method pursued is the same in purpose and spirit, and the conclusions arrived at do not essentially differ. The line of argument followed goes forward from that of the former work, the present book being intended as a supplement to that. The former dealt mainly with nature and its forces, while this has chiefly to do with man and the problems of his moral life. The course of thought pursued may be best understood by

* A Roman Singer. By F. Marion Crawford. \$1.25. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

* The Unity of Nature. By the Duke of Argyll. \$2.50. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

an enumeration of the subjects discussed in the successive chapters. They embrace general definitions and illustrations of the unity of nature—what it is and what it is not; man's place in the unity of nature; animal instinct in its relation to the mind of man; the limits of human knowledge; the truthfulness of human knowledge; the elementary constitution of matter in relation to the inorganic, also to the organic; man as the representative of the supernatural; the moral character of man; the degradation of man; the nature and origin of religion; the corruptions of religion; and a general summary of conclusions. It is at once to be said that these are great and significant questions, such as are of the utmost importance in themselves, and such as are now commanding the attention of all inquiring minds. The author has dealt with them in a manner commensurate with their importance, and he has produced a work likely to lead to much discussion and to a more judicious study of the problems involved.

In the main the Duke of Argyll seems to be favorable to the doctrine of evolution, until it is attempted to involve man in its method. He understands the unity of nature not to be mechanical or material merely, but to be intellectual and spiritual quite as much. He makes a strong argument for man as a representative of the higher phases of nature as well as of the lower, denying that the agnostic doctrine has any genuine validity. The very fact that man is a part of the Cosmos and worked upon by all its forces, warrants us in believing that he is capable of knowing something about its spiritual energies as well as about its material. The evidence offered against agnosticism is well presented, and it is of the kind which we believe to be the most effective. It is quite in harmony with the methods of science, and it is not based on any idealistic processes. The author rightly says that the 'fundamental inconsistency of the agnostic philosophy becomes remarkable when we find that the very men who tell us that we are not one with anything above us, are the same who insist that we are one with everything beneath us. Whatever there is in us or about us which is purely animal we may see everywhere; but whatever there is in us purely intellectual and moral, we delude ourselves if we think we see it anywhere.' The attempt is made to prove that the unity of nature is not material. There is unity; but it is from above, not from below. It grows out of an intellectual purpose in the originating cause. Eloquent and interesting are the chapters given to this part of the discussion. The tone of thought and language is calm and dispassionate. The author does not write as a partisan, but as one anxious to find and to follow the truth. It is for this reason his book may be regarded as a valuable addition to the literature of science and an important help toward the final solution of the problem of the unity of life in its higher phases.

We could wish that the Duke had been a little more in sympathy with the great leaders of scientific thought at certain stages of his investigations, for we think he might have arrived at more satisfactory results by keeping closer to their method. Yet we must not forget that an exclusive pursuit of any one method, even on the part of men of science, almost inevitably leads to narrowness of vision, and to an ignoring of phases of truth which do not come directly under their eyes. For this reason, we welcome all such inquiries as this, as they help us to keep that even balance of thought which is essential to complete truth. There is no doubt, that even the great leaders of scientific thought look at the problems of life from a narrow loophole of inquiry. It could not be otherwise; for no man can equally master all lines of thought. Another class of thinkers is needed, who shall supplement their studies by a look more directly at man and in the light of his higher needs. We know of no work of that kind superior to this. It is not at all likely it contains the last word to be said on the subject; but we believe the final form of the doctrine of evolution will include the main thought of this book.

"The Clew of the Maze."*

IN 'The Clew of the Maze' Mr. Spurgeon gives a series of brief tracts to illustrate the beauty of faith and the ugliness of doubt. All that he implies of the fatal effects of doubt—how it dulls the intellect and paralyzes sentiment and weakens the heart—is true. But what is doubt? I may doubt what you believe, and yet have a very sincere and sustaining belief of my own. I may go so far as to doubt even the existence of God and immortality, and yet have a glowing belief in the beauty of life and the chances of this world, and a faith that it is better to be good than bad, which is very far from being the paralyzing doubt that is despair. But the doubt that Mr. Spurgeon fights against is merely the doubt that does not believe what he does. Even here there is an element of encouragement for him that it is strange he does not catch hold of: the very wavering that is implied in the word doubt is matter for hope. 'That the age writes so much about education,' said Jean Paul, 'shows at once its absence and the feeling of its importance.' So it is with religion. That we write and talk and argue and think and doubt, is sign of a healthful scepticism infinitely better than the deliberate, self-satisfied atheism of the early part of this century. Shelley and Byron, and their school, were not troubled with doubts; they were all, as was said of Shelley's grandfather, old Sir Bysse, complete atheists, who 'based all their hopes' on annihilation. On the horizon of such absolute atheism, hope has risen in the form of religious doubt. There are doubts and doubts: there is the doubt of a man prostrate before an idol whether he ought not to spring to his feet and refuse to worship, and there is the doubt of a man standing erect in presence of a god whether he ought not to throw himself upon his knees.

Occasionally now we come across a man who knows what there is not. Felix Adler knows, and his negative convictions are convictions as truly as the faith of Spurgeon is faith. But the great bulk of 'unbelievers' nowadays are simply men who 'doubt'; doubt the negative convictions of Felix Adler as much as the self-satisfied confidence of Spurgeon and Dr. Newman, thinking, with Clough, that though the hopes of theologians may be dupes, the fears of doubters may be liars. Apparently, however, Mr. Spurgeon sees no gleam of hope for the agnostics. He classes them with all other doubters; failing to note that they doubt the negatives of non-believers as much as the assertions of believers, when they say: 'We do not know; one world at a time.' Mr. Spurgeon, like Dr. Newman, asks for the results of infidelity: 'what hospitals or orphanages has doubt erected? what missions to cannibal tribes has infidelity sustained? what fallen women or profligate men has scepticism reclaimed and new-created?' It is true that doubters, as Doubters, are not apt to organize a system of charity. As their morality is charged with being 'mere morality,' so their benevolence is open to the charge of being 'mere benevolence.' The virtue, the human charity, of Christians is indissolubly connected with their religion, because they frankly state that they exercise it 'for Christ's sake' and 'to please God.' It is probably the greatest honor that Christianity has won for itself, that when we speak of men or women as 'good Christians,' we really mean good people, without a thought of their religious tenets. But the doubters have separated the practice of virtue or charity from the idea of theology. However much they may doubt certain forms of worship, or even God and immortality, they do not doubt the beauty of virtue or the call for benevolence. It is safe to assert that the money and labor of doubters finds its way daily to hospitals and orphanages; while in the active charity which is preventive rather than remedial, which builds healthy tenement-houses instead of hospitals, which trains women and children to do work of their own which is available instead of cutting out work for

* The Clew of the Maze. By Charles Spurgeon. Cloth, 75 cts.; Paper, 35 cts. New York: Funk & Wagnalls.

them to do, Felix Adler himself is one of the most prominent. Doubters certainly are not carrying the gospel to foreign lands; but they will not be found wanting in carrying civilization there, and the headlight of one locomotive will do more to dispel the darkness of heathen countries than the lanterns of a hundred like Diogenes trying singly to illuminate a man to honesty.

"The Chronicles of Newgate." *

HANGING, whipping, burning—the rack, the press, the pillory—murderers, highwaymen, coney-catchers—these are not pleasant objects of contemplation; and readers of a sympathetic temperament are advised to leave 'The Chronicles of Newgate' unopened. Yet if one can master one's propensity to shudder, the book will be found to possess a certain interest, and the result of its perusal will be to stimulate the sympathies it has wounded. Major Griffiths has made ample use of his opportunities as an Inspector of Prisons in England, and looks at his subject from a professional standpoint. According to his account, Newgate must for seven centuries have been a veritable hell on earth.

The prisoners were but scantily supplied with the commonest necessities of life. Light scarcely penetrated their dark and loathsome dungeons; no breath of fresh air sweetened the fetid atmosphere they breathed; that they enjoyed the luxury of water was due to the munificence of a Lord Mayor. Food, clothing, fuel, were doled out in limited quantities as charitable gifts; occasionally prosperous citizens bequeathed small legacies to be expended in the same articles of supply. These bare prison allowances were further eked out by the chance seizures in the markets, by bread forfeited as inferior or of light weight, and meat declared unfit to be publicly sold. . . . Debtors of all degrees were condemned to languish for years in prison, often 'for the most paltry sums. . . . Gaol deliveries were rare, and the boon of arraignment and fair trial was strangely and unjustly withheld, while even those acquitted in open court were often haled back to prison because they were unable to discharge the gaoler's illegal fees. . . . All classes and categories of prisoners were herded indiscriminately together; men and women, tried and untried, upright but misguided zealots with hardened habitual offenders. . . . The only principle of classification was a prisoner's ability or otherwise to pay certain fees. The weight of the chains which, till quite recently, innocent and guilty alike wore, depended upon the price a prisoner could pay for "easement of irons," and it was a common practice to overload a new comer with enormous fetters and so terrify him into lavish disbursements. The goal at all times was so hideously overcrowded that plague and pestilence perpetually ravaged it, and the deadly infection often spread into the neighboring courts of law. . . . Lunatics raving mad ranged up and down the wards, a terror to all they encountered. Common women were freely admitted; mock marriages were of constant occurrence, and children were frequently born within the precincts of the goal.

Death, even death on the scaffold, must to many of the inmates of Newgate have seemed preferable to life under such conditions. And under the sanguinary penal code of those days, death was easily earned. But the awful fact itself was turned into a shameful comedy. 'The most scandalous scenes occurred on the gallows. The hangman often quarrelled with his victim over the garments, which the former looked upon as a lawful perquisite, and which the latter was disposed to distribute among his friends; now and again the rope broke, or the drop was insufficient, and Jack Ketch had to add his weight to the hanging body to assist strangulation. Occasionally there was a personal conflict, and the hangman was obliged to do his office by

sheer force. . . . The culprit's prayers were interrupted, his demeanor if resigned was sneered at, and only applauded when he went with brazen effrontery to his death.' Out of what a dunghill has our civilization blossomed!

The Life of Maurice.*

To the biographies of Arnold, Robertson, and Kingsley there is now added that of Maurice. It is quite as interesting, as suggestive, and as profitable as the others. There is a wonderful fascination about it as told here almost wholly in his own words—the story of a pure, manly and devout life, full of eager search for the highest things of faith and service, and of a humility beautiful to know about. It will command wide attention in all religious parties, and it will encourage all who love what is pure and holy in thought and conduct. As a help to an understanding of the great religious and social movements in England during the last fifty years this book is invaluable. Maurice was connected with nearly all those movements, had an inner view and understanding of them, and with many of the men most prominent in English thought and activity. The son of a Unitarian minister, he was led away from that creed through the influence of relatives, and he joined the English Church in early manhood. This early training clung to him throughout, and gave him his great religious teaching of God as a Father, and his great practical purpose of securing the unity of all Christians. In a lofty spirit he labored to bring to his countrymen the fruits of the Christian faith, clinging to what seems most essential and discarding what is of sect and party. It is remarkable that amid all the party divisions of the English Church in his time he took sides with none of them, and sought rather for that unity which would include the Churchman and dissenter alike.

He was a man of an exalted character. To do good was the aim of his life. All the noblest movements of the time had his support or sympathy. He did much to help the workingmen in their efforts after a better opportunity in the world, and founded a workingmen's college. He cast his influence on the side of those who were wronged or who were in the minority. Fair play and justice he was anxious to secure for every one. Indeed, the story of no life is more inspiring than this, toward faith in all that is best and truest among men. Maurice was not a great theologian; he was a man who taught greater things by his life than by his books, of which he wrote many, most of them growing out of the questions agitating the English public of his day. Some of them deserve to live. He has led many persons into a truer comprehension of religion; he has inspired many souls with a purpose for which to live. Even more clearly and effectively will this Life preach to us the truths and motives needed to-day as when he was alive. The two bulky volumes tell us none too much of a man whose influence was so good, and whose thought was so outreaching in its search for truth.

"Stratford-by-the-Sea." †

THERE is so much delicate fineness in the workmanship of 'Stratford-by-the-Sea,' that we are ready to pronounce the first two hundred pages of it simply perfect of their kind. The village, with just enough of the salty, unique flavor of its amusing low life, is perfectly given; the heroine, with her delicate, proud reserve, is not made too impossibly above her station; the charm of the hero is felt at once, and every minor character, from the domineering grandmother and overawed, timid mother, to the precocious boy, is given with a clearness and individuality that are without fault. The conversations have the rare merit of being worth recording without seeming stilted or in the least unnatural; and when we find that the enchanting courtship is not to end in the conventional desertion, but in a

* The Chronicles of Newgate. By Arthur Griffiths. New Edition. New York: Scribner & Welford.

* The Life of Frederick Denison Maurice, Chiefly Told in his Own Letters. Edited by his son, Frederick Maurice. 2 vols. \$5. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

† Stratford-by-the-Sea. (American Novel Series.) New York: Henry Holt & Co.

lovely marriage, the heart of the critic overflows with joy. But, alas! though the story might have ended with the marriage with entire fitness, what a disappointment to find another hundred pages added to it, with the conventional introduction of a fascinating actress, the usual proving of the husband to be a scamp, and, worst of all, a second complication of love-affair in the case of the wronged and beautiful wife. A certain fineness of style still pervades the story, but the fineness of the story is hopelessly lost. It seems incredible that an author with the power and grace of the first two thirds of the book, should descend to free herself from a troublesome situation, needlessly made troublesome, by killing off the hero that she no longer knew what to do with. As for the entirely unnecessary episode of Felix, we can only say that our admiration for the first part of the book is cancelled by our dislike of the last, though it still remains a book worth reading. Something in the style—the best of it—reminds us of 'A Nameless Nobleman.'

Minor Notices.

'FALLACIES: A View of Logic from the Practical Side,' by Alfred Sidgwick, is the forty-seventh volume of the International Scientific Series (Appleton), and it is written with the same purpose which has characterized the previous volumes. Its aim is to reach the general reader, and to bring science within the comprehension of the unscientific mind. As nearly as it is possible, the author of this work has made logic comprehensible to the general student. His book is not easy reading, and yet a studious person would be able to read it intelligently by giving some time and patience to the work. He has discarded controversy and metaphysics, and made it his aim to show wherein we fall into fallacy by neglecting, in the common reasonings of life, the plain and simple methods of detecting truth from error. Logic is not presented as a process of discovering truth, but as a means of testing its reliability after found, and of sifting errors from it. 'The application of logic,' the author says, 'is on the whole rather restrictive than forward-looking. It does not discover, but it proves or tests discoveries which claim to be already made. Moreover, in proportion as this negative or questioning spirit becomes habitual, our chance grows, stronger of avoiding the character of an advocate, and attaining the judicial frame of mind.' With this conception of the province of logic, the writer proceeds to show how it can be used in the matters of daily life. His style is clear, his method forcible, and his illustrations as simple as in the nature of the case is possible. The chapters on the employment of guess-work are likely to be most helpful to any intelligent person engaged in processes of reasoning or investigation. If the book is not specially interesting when read, it is because the author keeps closely to his own province of inquiry, and because logic in itself does not furnish much that is attractive to most persons.

THE 'Memoir of the Princess Alice' (Putnam) does not add essentially to what we already knew of her. But what we knew of her was so fine that a life so beautifully lived in a somewhat trying position deserved the recognition. She is remembered as a woman of singular strength of character, a Princess who made a love-match, a devoted wife and mother, a Grand Duchess of dignity and sweetness, and one who used her influence widely to raise the fallen, comfort the suffering, and help the poor. The memoir bears witness to the truth of these facts, but contributes little of the details, a large part of the volume being filled with extracts from her letters to the Queen, which are most affectionate, but hardly of wide interest, when we once know that she was always affectionate. It is good for us to be reminded, however, of her constant interest not only in the hospitals and orphans' homes made terribly necessary by war, but in establishments for training women to employment, and in improved tenements; an interest which consisted in not merely lending her name, but in practical effort to organize and then to support the institutions in which she so nobly interested her-

self. The memoir was prepared by Dr. Sell of Darmstadt, and has a preface by the Princess Helena.

THE 'Three Villages' which Mr. Howells commemorates in his little book (Osgood) are Lexington, Shirley, the Shaker community, and Gnadenhütten, the little Indian town beyond the Ohio that flourished and fell ninety years ago. The sketches all have that descriptive touch which could make a treatise on sawdust interesting, but the one of widest general interest is that on Lexington, which is presented not only as the historic village, but as the little New England town which Mr. Howells saw as a summer-boarder. We, too, have dwelt in Arcadia, and know, by sight at least, the pleasant country-hotel which Mr. Howells says is like some enchanted castle, 'or if not, so much the worse for the enchanted castle.' Why, then, could not *we* have been bright enough, instead of writing in our letters that 'there was a railroad behind the house,' to put it as Mr. Howells puts it: 'When the trains came scuffling and wheezing up the incline from Boston, the sound was as if the friendly locomotive were mounting the back-stairs, and might be expected to walk in without ceremony, and sit down at the fire like any other boarder'?

ONE of the young ladies in the novel of 'Marah,' by Rosa Vertner Jeffrey (Lippincott) is 'tall, slight, supple, and sinuous as a serpent in her movements; a clear brunette, with soft, rich color, finely-cut features, a winning, sweet, womanly mouth, with scarlet lips, dazzling teeth, and great luminous eyes, volcanic in anger, starry and magnetic in love; masses of bronze, brown hair, coiled in heavy braids about a head purely Grecian in its fine proportions and graceful face.' She is also 'exquisitely dressed in soft, clinging white gauze, with a sweeping train and high to the throat, finished with a full ruching of rich, delicate lace, caught together with a single crimson rose, corresponding to the one fastened amid the coils of her rich hair.' For further particulars, inquire within.

"Germany Seen Without Spectacles."

TO THE CRITIC AND GOOD LITERATURE:

I have just succeeded in procuring at the Mercantile Library a copy of Mr. Ruggles's 'Germany Seen Without Spectacles.' Judging from the demand for it there it is a very popular book. The keynote to the author's theme is sounded in the opening pages. It consists in the glorification of American institutions and disparagement of everything foreign—a process familiarly known to our countrymen abroad as 'spreading the eagle.' Now this may be a very laudable and patriotic motive; but an author is bound first of all to be sure of the accuracy of his statements. Many of Mr. Ruggles's statements are, to say the least, astounding, and quite as misleading as his serious assertion that 'Freiwillige Feuerweher' means 'Chief of the Fire Department.' As a former student in Germany—one who has passed several years in the classic shades of 'old Heidelberg'—my indignation is aroused by what I can but consider a very gross misrepresentation of Heidelberg life. To seriously state that the student who can drink seventy glasses of beer at a sitting is the especial pet of the professors; to characterize these professors themselves, many of them men of world-wide fame in the annals of literature and science, as a set of intemperate beer-guzzlers; to say that beer is on tap in the University buildings, and that the professors frequently leave the room in the midst of a lecture and return wiping the froth from their mouths, is absurd and misleading.

The requirements for admission to the universities as stated by Mr. Ruggles apply only to foreigners. One at all familiar with the German educational system, which Mr. Ruggles evidently is not, knows that a citizen is not allowed to enter for a degree without having passed, at some previous time in his career, the rigid 'abiturienten examen.' The instance of the American who after passing two years at Heidelberg was unable to ask for a suit of clothes in Ger-

man is certainly a very infrequent one, and I am sure but few of the hundreds of our countrymen who hold German degrees, and are successfully practising their professions at home, will agree with Mr. Ruggles that it is a farce to send American boys abroad.

NEW YORK, May 25.

A HEIDELBERG STUDENT.

The Lounger

MME. MODJESKA sails for Europe to-day (Saturday), and the corridors of the Clarendon Hotel, choked for the past few days by the innumerable trunks and boxes in which her things were packed, are again open to navigation. Besides the costumes, private and professional, which form the bulk of her luggage, there were—an item not usually deemed indispensable to an actress's outfit—some seven hundred pounds of books. Unfortunately Mme. Modjeska will have time to read almost all of these gifts of her American friends before they see her again, for she is not to come back to us this year. During the coming season she will act both in England and in Poland, returning to America in the fall of '85. It is to be hoped that we may then see her in a rôle in which she has appeared elsewhere with great success, and in which she is sure to add all that can be added to her present high reputation with American playgoers. We refer to Marie Stuart, a part peculiarly well suited to the display of Mme. Modjeska's best powers.

It was plucky of Mr. Fowler to invite Mme. Modjeska to his studio last Saturday afternoon; for he had asked his own friends and hers to come there at that time and see the portrait he has just painted of the distinguished actress. The test of comparison with the original was a crucial one. It is only fair, however, to say that the artist's confidence was warranted. The portrait is not a perfect likeness; we would defy any living painter to put a perfect likeness of Mme. Modjeska's mobile and subtle countenance upon canvas; but it satisfies the person who ordered it—Mme. Modjeska herself—and gave apparent pleasure to her many friends.

MR. FOWLER, by the way, has just made a portrait of another lady well-known to the general public, and who, like Mme. Modjeska, has just sailed for Europe—Miss Clara Louise Kellogg. This, however, is a smaller work, in water-color, designed for an album containing similar portraits, all in costume, of Mme. Patti, Mme. Nilsson, Mme. Sembrich and Mme. Gerster. Besides these five pictures, the album will be enriched with the autographs of certain eminent musicians, facsimiles of the autographs of others, and facsimiles of autograph music written by famous hands. This unique portfolio was designed by Mrs. Colden Murray, who proposes, I believe, to sell it for \$1500, for the benefit of the Statue of Liberty Pedestal Fund.

PROMPTED, no doubt, by my allusions to the 'Rubaiyat' of Omar Khayyam in last week's paper, a friend with a weakness for versifying sends me the following:

Wise Omar bids us banish quite away
'Unborn to-morrow and dead yesterday';
But who the past and future would destroy
Must first eternalize the present day.

To-day is as an arrow winged for flight;
The bow is bent, and forth into the night
The arrow speeds. Ah! who shall call it back,
When it has sped in silence out of sight?

I AM glad to see that Mr. Bartlett has corrected in the latest copies of his 'Familiar Quotations' the stanza incorrectly quoted from the 'Rubaiyat,' in the copies of the book printed in 1882. The edition is the same—the eighth; but the latest copies are dated 1883. The two copies which I consulted were of the issue of the previous year.

'PHIS' sends me the following note: 'Your reference to "Tamerlane and Other Poems" may be supplemented by the statement that a "record of the book" was duly made in 1829 by Samuel Kettett, in the "Catalogue of American Poetry," printed on pp. 377-406 of his "Specimens," etc. The controversy about the discovery of the edition may do for London, but is superfluous in this part of the world, where the admirers of Poe and collectors of first editions may properly enough vie with one another in efforts to find copies of the rare little book.

None of Poe's biographers seem to have noticed that Poe himself made an early record of his year of birth. In the preface to "Tamerlane" he says that most of the poems were "written in the year 1821-2, when the author had not completed his fourteenth year."

Mr. Ruskin and *The Pall Mall Gazette*.

TO THE CRITIC AND GOOD LITERATURE:

The Pall Mall Gazette's broad caricature of Ruskin—in the fictitious interview reprinted in your issue of May 17—is full of delicious satire, and satire well deserved. I haven't laughed so much over a pasquinade for a long time. Of course the article was made purposely transparent, for as a canard it is too poorly carried out to deceive any one familiar with Ruskin's writings. Mr. Gladstone appears to have suffered transformation from a bagpipe into a wind-bag. (On Mr. Ruskin's retraction of the bagpipe simile, see index to his 'Arrows of the Chace.') One who has toiled through the dreary pages of the Oxford lectures of the author of 'Modern Painters' cannot help feeling a gleeful-savage pleasure in *The Pall Mall's* covert criticism of them. New comers to the Ruskin pasture-ground should be warned against first taking up some of these lectures, for in general such courses as 'Athena, Queen of the Air,' and 'The Eagle's Nest' are the most aimless and arid messes of talk ever published as lectures on art, and should surely never have seen the light in their present shape.

'The main work of my life is the ecclesiastical history that our fathers have told us.' The 'interviewer' exhausted all his powers in that line. It sums up Ruskin's chief foible in so neat and compact a shape that it leaves nothing to be said. But it was too bad to call him a physical coward (Ruskin afraid of the Alps!) and a mental coward, too (afraid of libel). The 'interviewer' has evidently never seen Brantwood, but has taken his description from the article published in the *London Art Journal* a few years ago.

BELMONT, MASS., May 26.

W. S. KENNEDY.

Emerson.*

[Matthew Arnold in *Macmillan's Magazine*.]

FORTY years ago, when I was an undergraduate at Oxford, voices were in the air there which haunt my memory still. Happy the man who in that susceptible season of youth hears such voices! they are a possession to him for ever. No such voices as those which we heard in our youth at Oxford are sounding there now. Oxford has more criticism now, more knowledge, more light; but such voices as those of our youth it has no longer. The name of Cardinal Newman is a great name to the imagination still; his genius and his style are still things of power. But he is over eighty years old; he is in the Oratory at Birmingham; he has adopted, for the doubts and difficulties which beset men's minds to-day, a solution which, to speak frankly, is impossible. Forty years ago he was in the very prime of life; he was close at hand to us at Oxford; he was preaching in St. Mary's pulpit every Sunday; he seemed about to transform and renew what was to us the most national and natural institution in the world—the Church of England. Who could resist the charm of that spiritual apparition, gliding in the dim afternoon light through the aisles of St. Mary's, rising into the pulpit, and then, in the most entrancing of voices, breaking the silence with words and thoughts which were a religious music—subtle, sweet, mournful? I seem to hear him still, saying: 'After the fever of life, after weariness and sicknesses, fightings and despondings, languor and fretfulness, struggling and succeeding; after all the changes and chances of this troubled, unhealthy state—at length comes death, at length the white throne of God, at length the beatific vision.' Or, if we followed him back to his seclusion at Littlemore, that dreary village by the London road, and to the house of retreat and the church which he built there—a mean house, such as Paul might have lived in when he was tent-making at Ephesus, a church plain and thinly sown with worshippers—who could resist him there either, welcoming back to the severe joys of church-fellowship, and of daily worship and prayer, the firstlings from a generation which had well-nigh

* To be concluded next week.

forgotten them? Again I seem to hear him: 'The season is chill and dark, and the breath of the morning is damp, and worshippers are few; but all this befits those who are by profession penitents and mourners, watchers and pilgrims. More dear to them that loneliness, more cheerful that severity, and more bright that gloom, than all those aids and appliances of luxury by which men nowadays attempt to make prayer less disagreeable to them. True faith does not covet comforts; they who realize that awful day, when they shall see Him face to face, whose eyes are as a flame of fire, will as little bargain to pray pleasantly now as they will think of doing so then.'

Somewhere or other I have spoken of these 'lost enchantments of the Middle Age' which Oxford sheds around us, and here they were! But there were other voices sounding in our ear besides Newman's. There was the puissant voice of Carlyle; so sorely strained, over-used, and misused since, but then fresh, comparatively sound, and reaching our hearts with true, pathetic eloquence. Who can forget the emotion of receiving in its first freshness such a sentence as that sentence of Carlyle upon Edward Irving, then just dead: 'Scotland sent him forth a herculean man; our mad Babylon wore and wasted him with all her engines—and it took her twelve years!' A greater voice still—the greatest voice of the century—came to us in those youthful years through Carlyle: the voice of Goethe. To this day—such is the force of youthful associations—I read the 'Wilhelm Meister' with more pleasure in Carlyle's translation than in the original. The large, liberal view of human life in 'Wilhelm Meister,' how novel it was to the Englishman in those days! and it was salutary, too, and educative for him, doubtless, as well as novel. But what moved us most in 'Wilhelm Meister' was that which, after all, will always move the young most—the poetry, the eloquence. Never surely was Carlyle's prose so beautiful and pure as in his rendering of the Youths' dirge for Mignon: 'Well is our treasure now laid up, the fair image of the past. Here sleeps it in the marble, undecaying; in your hearts, also, it lives, it works. Travel, travel, back into life! Take along with you this holy earnestness, for earnestness alone makes life eternity.' Here we had the voice of the great Goethe—not the stiff, and hindered, and frigid, and factitious Goethe who speaks to us too often from those sixty volumes of his, but of the great Goethe, and the true one.

And besides those voices there came to us in that old Oxford time a voice also from this side of the Atlantic—a clear and pure voice, which for my ear at any rate, brought a strain as new, and moving, and unforgettable, as the strain of Newman, or Carlyle, or Goethe. Mr. Lowell has well described the apparition of Emerson to your young generation here, in the distant time of which I am speaking, and of his workings upon them. He was your Newman, your man of soul and genius visible to you in the flesh, speaking to your bodily ears—a present object for your heart and imagination. That is surely the most potent of all influences! nothing can come up to it. To us at Oxford Emerson was but a voice speaking from three thousand miles away. But so well he spoke, that from that time forth Boston Bay and Concord were names invested to my ear with a sentiment akin to that which invests for me the names of Oxford and Weimar; and snatches of Emerson's strain fixed themselves in my mind as imperishably as any of the eloquent words which I have been just now quoting. 'Then dies the man in you; then once more perish the buds of art, poetry, and science, as they have died already in a thousand thousand men.' 'What Plato has thought, he may think; what a saint has felt, he may feel; what at any time has befallen any man, he can understand.' Trust thyself! every heart vibrates to that iron string. Accept the place the Divine Providence has found for you, the society of your contemporaries, the connection of events. Great men have always done so, and confided themselves childlike to the genius of their age; betraying their perception that the Eternal was stirring at their heart, working through their hands, predominating in all their being. And we are now men, and must accept in the highest spirit the same transcendent destiny; and not pinched in a corner, not cowards fleeing before a revolution, but redeemers and benefactors, pious aspirants to be noble clay plastic under the almighty effort, let us advance and advance on chaos and the dark! These lofty sentences of Emerson, and a hundred others of like strain, I never have lost out of my memory; I never can lose them.

At last I find myself in Emerson's own country, and looking upon Boston Bay. Naturally I revert to the friend of my youth. It is not always pleasant to ask oneself questions about the friends of one's youth; they cannot always well support it. Carlyle, for instance, in my judgment, cannot well support such a return upon him. Yet we should make the return; we should

part with our illusions, we should know the truth. When I come to this country, where Emerson now counts for so much, and where such high claims are made for him, I pull myself together, and ask myself what the truth about this object of my youthful admiration really is. Improper elements often come into our estimate of men. We have lately seen a German critic make Goethe the greatest of all poets, because Germany is now the greatest of military powers, and wants a poet to match. Then, too, America is a young country; and young countries, like young persons, are apt sometimes to evince in their literary judgments a want of scale and measure. I set myself, therefore, resolutely to come at a real estimate of Emerson, and with a leaning even to strictness rather than to indulgence. That is the safer course. Time has no indulgence; any veils of illusion which we may have left around an object because we loved it, Time is sure to strip away.

I was reading the other day a notice of Emerson by a serious and interesting American critic. Fifty or sixty passages in Emerson's poems, says this critic—who had doubtless himself been nourished on Emerson's writings, and held them justly dear—fifty or sixty passages from Emerson's poems have already entered into English speech as matter of familiar and universally current quotation. Here is a specimen of that personal sort of estimate which, for my part, even in speaking of authors dear to me, I would try to avoid. What is the kind of phrase of which we may fairly say that it has entered into English speech as matter of familiar quotation? Such a phrase, surely, as the 'Patience on a monument' of Shakspeare; as the 'Darkness visible' of Milton; as the 'Where ignorance is bliss' of Gray. Of not one single passage in Emerson's poetry can it be truly said that it has become a familiar quotation like phrases of this kind. It is not enough that it should be familiar to his admirers, familiar in New England, familiar, even, throughout the United States; it must be familiar to all readers and lovers of English poetry. Of not more than one or two passages in Emerson's poetry can it, I think, be truly said, that they stand ever-present in the memory of even most lovers of English poetry. Very many passages of his poetry are no doubt perfectly familiar to the mind and lips of the critic whom I have mentioned, and perhaps of a wide circle of American readers. But this is a very different thing from being matter of universal quotation, like the phrases of the legitimate poets.

And, in truth, one of the legitimate poets, Emerson, in my opinion, is not. His poetry is interesting, it makes one think; but it is not the poetry of one of the born poets. I say it of him with reluctance, although I am sure that he would have said it of himself; but I say it with reluctance, because I dislike giving pain to his admirers, and because all my own wish, too, is to say of him what is favorable. But I regard myself, not as speaking to please Emerson's admirers, not as speaking to please myself; but rather, I repeat, as communing with Time and Nature concerning the productions of this beautiful and rare spirit, and as resigning what of him is by their unalterable decree touched with caducity, in order the better to mark and secure that in him which is immortal.

Milton says that poetry ought to be simple, sensuous, impassioned. Well, Emerson's poetry is seldom either simple, or sensuous, or impassioned. In general it lacks directness; it lacks concreteness; it lacks energy. His grammar is often embarrassed; in particular, the want of clearly marked distinction between the subject and the object of his sentence is a frequent cause of obscurity in him. A poem which shall be a plain, forcible, inevitable whole he hardly ever produces. Such good work as the noble lines graven on the Concord Monument is the exception with him; such ineffective work as the 'Fourth of July Ode' or the 'Boston Hymn' is the rule. Even passages and single lines of thorough plainness and commanding force are rare in his poetry. They exist, of course; but when we meet with them they give us a sense of surprise, so little has Emerson accustomed us to them. Let me have the pleasure of quoting one or two of these exceptional passages:

'So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When Duty whispers low, *Thou must,*
The youth replies, *I can.*'

Or again this:

'Though love repine and reason chafe,
There came a voice without reply:
" 'Tis man's perdition to be safe,
When for the truth he ought to die.' "

Excellent! but how seldom do we get from him a strain blown

so clearly and firmly! Take another passage where his strain has not only clearness, it has also grace and beauty:

'And ever, when the happy child
In May beholds the blooming wild,
And hears in heaven the bluebird sing,
"Onward," he cries, "your baskets bring!
In the next field is air more mild,
And in yon hazy west is Eden's balmier spring."'

In the style and cadence here there is a reminiscence, I think, of Gray; at any rate the pureness, grace, and beauty of these lines are worthy even of Gray. But Gray holds his high rank as a poet, not merely by the beauty and grace of passages in his poems; not merely by a diction generally pure in an age of impure diction: he holds it, above all, by the power and skill with which the evolution of his poems is conducted. Here is his grand superiority to Collins, whose diction in his best poem, the 'Ode to Evening,' is purer than Gray's; but then the 'Ode to Evening' is like a river which loses itself in the sand, whereas Gray's best poems have an evolution sure and satisfying. Emerson's 'Mayday,' from which I just now quoted, has no real evolution at all; it is a series of observations. And, in general, his poems have no evolution. Take, for example, his 'Titmouse.' Here he has an excellent subject; and his observation of Nature, moreover, is always marvellously close and fine. But compare what he makes of his meeting with his titmouse with what Cowper or Burns makes of the like kind of incident! One never quite arrives at learning what the titmouse actually did for him at all, though one feels a strong interest and desire to learn it; but one is reduced to guessing, and cannot be quite sure that after all one has guessed right. He is not plain and concrete enough—in other words, not poet enough—to be able to tell us. And a failure of this kind goes through almost all his verse, keeps him amid symbolism and allusion and the fringes of things, and, in spite of his spiritual power, deeply impairs his poetic value. Through the inestimable virtue of concreteness, a simple poem like 'The Bridge' of Longfellow, or the 'School Days' of Mr. Whittier, is of more poetic worth, perhaps, than all the verse of Emerson.

I do not, then, place Emerson among the great poets. But I go farther, and say that I do not place him among the great writers, the great men of letters. Who are the great men of letters? They are men like Cicero, Plato, Bacon, Pascal, Swift, Voltaire—writers with, in the first place, a genius and instinct for style; writers whose prose is by a kind of native necessity true and sound. Now the style of Emerson, like the style of his transcendentalist friends and of *The Dial* so continually—the style of Emerson is capable of falling into a strain like this, which I take from the beginning of his 'Essay on Love': 'Every soul is a celestial being to every other soul. The heart has its sabbaths and jubilees, in which the world appears as a hymeneal feast, and all natural sounds and the circle of the seasons are erotic odes and dances.' Emerson altered this sentence in the later editions. Like Wordsworth, he was in later life fond of altering; and in general his later alterations, like those of Wordsworth, are not improvements. He softened the passage in question, however, though without really mending it. I quote it in its original and strongly marked form. Arthur Stanley used to relate that about the year 1840, being in conversation with some Americans in quarantine at Malta, and thinking to please them, he declared his warm admiration for 'Emerson's Essays.' However, the Americans shook their head, and told him that for home taste Emerson was decidedly too *greeny*. We will hope, for their sakes, that the sort of thing they had in their heads was such writing as I have just quoted. Unsound it is, indeed, and in a style impossible to a born man of letters.

It is a curious thing, that quality of style which marks the great writer, the born man of letters. It resides in the whole tissue of his work, and of his work regarded as a composition for literary purposes. Brilliant and powerful passages in a man's writings do not prove his possession of it; it lies in their whole tissue. Emerson has passages of noble and pathetic eloquence, such as those which I quoted at the beginning; he has passages of shrewd and felicitous wit; he has crisp epigram; he has passages of exquisitely touched observation of nature. Yet he is not a great writer; his style has not the requisite wholeness of good tissue. Even Carlyle is not, in my judgment, a great writer. He has surpassingly powerful qualities of expression, far more powerful than Emerson's, and reminding one of the gifts of expression of the great poets—of even Shakspeare himself. What Emerson so admirably says of Carlyle's 'devouring eyes and portraying hand,' 'those thirsty eyes, those portrait-

eating, portrait-painting eyes of thine, those fatal perceptions, is thoroughly true. What a description is Carlyle's of the first publisher of 'Sartor Resartus,' to whom 'the idea of a new edition of 'Sartor' is frightful, or rather ludicrous, unimaginable,' of this poor Fraser, in whose 'wonderful world of Tory pamphleteers, conservative Younger-brothers, Regent Street loungers, Crockford gamblers, Irish Jesuits, drunken reporters, and miscellaneous unclean persons (whom nitre and much soap will not wash clean), not a soul has expressed the smallest wish that way!' What a portrait, again, of the well-beloved John Sterling! 'One, and the best, of a small class extant here, who, nigh drowning in a black wreck of Infidelity (lighted up by some glare of Radicalism only, now growing *dim* too), and about to perish, saved themselves into a Coleridgean Shovel-Hattedness.' What touches in his invitation of Emerson to London! 'You shall see blockheads by the million; Pickwick himself shall be visible—innocent young Dickens reserved for a questionable fate. The great Wordsworth shall talk till you yourself pronounce him to be a bore. Southey's complexion is still healthy mahogany brown, with a fleece of white hair, and eyes that seem running at full gallop. Leigh Hunt, man of genius in the shape of a cockney, is my near neighbor, with good humor and no common-sense; old Rogers with his pale head, white, bare, and cold as snow, with those large blue eyes, cruel, sorrowful, and that sardonic shelf chin.' How inimitable it all is! And finally, for one must not go on for ever, this version of a London Sunday, with the public-houses closed during the hours of divine service! 'It is silent Sunday; the populace not yet admitted to their beer-shops till the respectabilities conclude their rubric mummeries—a much more audacious feat than beer.' Yet even Carlyle is not, in my judgment, to be called a great writer; one cannot think of ranking him with men like Cicero and Plato and Swift and Voltaire. Emerson freely promises to Carlyle immortality for his histories. They will not have it. Why? Because the materials furnished to him by that devouring eye of his, and that portraying hand, were not wrought in and subdued by him to what his work, regarded as a composition for literary purposes, required. Coming in conversation, breaking out in familiar correspondence, they are magnificent, inimitable; nothing more is required of them; thus thrown out anyhow, they serve their turn and fulfil their function. And, therefore, I should not wonder if really Carlyle lived, in the long run, by such an invaluable record as that correspondence between him and Emerson, of which we owe the publication to Mr. Charles Norton—by this and not by his works, as Johnson lives in Boswell, not by his works. For Carlyle's sallies, as the staple of a literary work, become wearisome; and as time more and more applies to Carlyle's works its stringent test, this will be felt more and more. Shakspeare, Molière, Swift—they too had, like Carlyle, the devouring eye and the portraying hand. But they are great literary masters, they are supreme writers, because they knew how to work into a literary composition their materials, and to subdue them to the purposes of literary effect. Carlyle is too wilful for this, too turbid, too vehement.

You will think I deal in nothing but negatives. I have been saying that Emerson is not one of the great poets, the great writers. He has not their quality of style. He is, however, the propounder of a philosophy. The Platonic dialogues afford us the example of exquisite literary form and treatment given to philosophical ideas. Plato is at once a great literary man and a great philosopher. If we speak carefully, we cannot call Aristotle or Spinoza or Kant great literary men, or their productions great literary works. But their work is arranged with such constructive power that they build a philosophy, and are justly called great philosophical writers. Emerson cannot, I think, be called with justice a great philosophical writer. He cannot build; his arrangement of philosophical ideas has no progress in it, no evolution; he does not construct a philosophy. Emerson himself knew the defects of his method, or rather want of method, very well; indeed, he and Carlyle criticise themselves and one another in a way which leaves little for any one else to do in the way of formulating their defects. Carlyle formulates perfectly the defects of his friend's poetic and literary production when he says of *The Dial*: 'For me it is too ethereal, speculative, theoretic; I will have all things condense themselves, take shape and body, if they are to have my sympathy.' And speaking of Emerson's orations he says: 'I long to see some concrete Thing, some Event, Man's Life, American Forest, or piece of Creation, which this Emerson loves and wonders at, well Emersonized—depicted by Emerson, filled with the life of Emerson, and cast forth from him, then to live by itself. If these orations balk me of this, how profitable soever they may be for others, I will not love them.' Emerson himself formulates perfectly the

defect of his own philosophical productions when he speaks of his 'formidable tendency to the lapidary style. I build my house of boulders.' 'Here I sit and read and write,' he says again, 'with very little system, and as far as regards composition with the most fragmentary result; paragraphs incompressible, each sentence an infinitely repellent particle.' Nothing can be truer; and the work of a Spinoza or Kant, of the men who stand as great philosophical writers, does not proceed in this wise.

Some people will tell you that Emerson's poetry, indeed, is too abstract, and his philosophy too vague, but that his best work is his 'English Traits.' The 'English Traits' are beyond question very pleasant reading. It is easy to praise them, easy to commend the author of them. But I insist on always trying Emerson's work by the highest standards. I esteem him too much to try his work by any other. Tried by the highest standards, and compared with the work of the excellent markers and recorders of the traits of human life—of writers like Montaigne, La Bruyère, Addison—the 'English Traits' will not stand the comparison. Emerson's observation has not the disinterested quality of the observation of these masters. It is the observation of a man systematically benevolent, as Hawthorne's observation in 'Our Old Home' is the work of a man chagrined. Hawthorne's literary talent is of the first order. His subjects are generally not to me subjects of the highest interest; but his literary talent is of the first order, the finest, I think, which America has yet produced—finer, by much, than Emerson's. Yet 'Our Old Home' is not a masterpiece any more than 'English Traits.' In neither of them is the observer disinterested enough. The author's attitude in each of these cases can easily be understood and defended. Hawthorne was a sensitive man, so situated in England that he was perpetually in contact with the British Philistine; and the British Philistine is a trying personage. Emerson's systematic benevolence comes from what he himself calls somewhere his 'persistent optimism'; and his persistent optimism is the root of his greatness and the source of his charm. But still let us keep our literary conscience true, and judge every kind of literary work by the laws really proper to it. The kind of work attempted in the 'English Traits' and in 'Our Old Home' is work which cannot be done perfectly with a bias such as that given by Emerson's optimism or by Hawthorne's chagrin. Consequently, neither 'English Traits' nor 'Our Old Home' is a work of perfection in its kind.

Not with the Miltons and Grays, not with the Platos and Spinozas, not with the Swifts and Voltaires, not with the Montaignes and Addisons, can we rank Emerson. His work of different kinds, when one compares it with the work done in a corresponding kind by these masters, fails to stand the comparison. No man could see this clearer than Emerson himself. It is hard to feel despondency when we contemplate our failures and shortcomings; and Emerson, the least self-flattering and the most modest of men, saw so plainly what was lacking to him that he had his moments of despondency. 'Alas, my friend,' he writes in reply to Carlyle, who had exhorted him to creative work—'Alas, my friend, I can do no such gay thing as you say. I do not belong to the poets, but only to a low department of literature—the reporters; suburban men.' He deprecated his friend's praise; praise 'generous to a fault,' he calls it; praise 'generous to the shaming of me—cold, fastidious, ebbing person that I am. Already in a former letter you have said too much good of my poor little arid book, which is as sand to my eyes. I can only say that I heartily wish the book were better; and I must try and deserve so much favor from the kind gods by a bolder and truer living in the months to come—such as may perchance one day release and invigorate this cramp hand of mine. When I see how much work is to be done; what room for a poet, for any spiritualist, in this great, intelligent, sensual, and avaricious America—I lament my tumbling fingers and stammering tongue.' Again, as late as 1870, he writes to Carlyle: 'There is no example of constancy like yours, and it always stings my stupor into temporary recovery and wonderful resolution to accept the noble challenge. But "the strong hours conquer us;" and I am the victim of miscellany—miscellany of designs, vast debility, and procrastination.' The forlorn note belonging to the phrase, 'vast debility,' recalls that saddest and most discouraged of writers, the author of 'Obermann,' Senancour, with whom Emerson has in truth a certain kinship. He has in common with Senancour his pureness, his passion for nature, his single eye; and here we find him confessing, like Senancour, a sense in himself of sterility and impotence.

Current Criticism

EXPENSIVE GAMES:—The intolerable tolerance of American feeling toward speculators greatly increases the risk in investing

in American bonds. No president of a railroad is ever punished either for misrepresentation or for committing his shareholders to the maddest enterprises. If he succeeds he is considered a great man, and if he fails he is pitied, and sometimes presented with great sums to live on. Even the president of a bank is not held criminally liable for loans to his own relatives without security, if only his friends, when he has failed, will pay up his defaults. The manager of a deposit bank who uses deposits to buy 'blocks' of shares is, if the shares rise, considered clever; and if they fall and he fails, is, after the first twenty-four hours, neither considered nor treated as a mere thief. If he is well connected, or popular, or sheltered by friends, his 'ruin' is regarded as a sufficient penalty, and after a year or two of retirement he usually begins again. The effect of this is, that any one who can obtain the control of large funds is tempted to make himself rich at once, and that the market is always at the mercy of men who are playing a game in which they stake temporary inconvenience and disrepute against fortune. The temptation is too great for a race of men who care more to gain money in large sums than any people in the world, and at the same time fear poverty less than any other people. Millionaires in America make 'corners' as if they had nothing to lose, or let their sons amuse themselves with 'financing' as if it were only an expensive game.—*The Spectator*.

DR. HOLMES AND ENGLISH HEARTS:—Dr. Holmes is, of all living American writers, the one who may most truly be said to have won the hearts of English readers. Longfellow and Emerson, who have so lately passed away, have had, the former wider, and the latter deeper, influence on the feelings and thoughts of Englishmen. But there is no American author now living whose works are more often read, and (which is the best test of their value) more often taken up again, than those of Dr. Holmes. In him wit, sparkling intelligence, wide reading, mature thought, and a sunny kindliness, are so blended that there is not one page of his writings in which some one or more of these qualities do not appear. . . . Few living writers have had equally with Dr. Holmes the power to make readers who have known nothing at all about him, but what they gathered from his works, feel toward him as a personal friend. Such writers need not be of the highest rank. They may fail to win as much posthumous fame as falls to the lot of others who have gained but a scanty recognition during their lifetime. But their reward is perhaps as great.—*The Saturday Review*.

ON THE TEACHING OF SCIENCE:—There is no doubt that the Oxford and Cambridge School Examination Board Regulations tend to handicap science extremely; but while that is the case, I should be sorry to be supposed to blame the examiners, because I do not see how they can adopt a different course to that which they at present take. I have not the slightest desire to interfere with the study of the classics; but I look upon the present system as wrong from top to bottom. The subjects on which most stress is laid are really luxuries, while those which are regarded as luxuries are really the most essential. For instance, it is a common thing for a young man in this country to be familiar with the classics, and to be totally unfamiliar with English literature, never having made it a study. That strikes me as a deadly harm to literature. In the same way as to history, it is possible for a young man to obtain the highest honors at our Universities, without having any idea at all of the historical growth of his own country and the particular institutions under which he lives. In this matter science is no worse off than a great many other things. The present system of education in the country shuts out young men from many employments for which they should be eligible, and tends to the employment of foreigners.—*Prof. Huxley in a Recent Speech*.

ALFRED DE MUSSET'S SECRET:—Musset has had innumerable readers from the first. He is the singer of youth and love, of sorrow and joy, of the simpler instincts and the passions and emotions which are common to all—of the natural man, in fact, as he is fain to exist in the conditions imposed upon him by society. In his verse the heart of humanity pulses and sounds. He is the spokesman of both the sexes. Men love him, because they discern in him as it were themselves in apotheosis, themselves made eloquent and beautiful, themselves illustrious in that capacity of passion and the expression of passion which is for so much in life. To women he is the prince of poets; for he has suffered at their hands, he has learned to understand and worship and fear them, and his work, as the work of a representative man, is the revelation to them how necessary they are and how potent and terrible they may become. This is Musset's

secret—that he is always human even at his basest, and that even at his worst he is always sincere. He can be abject, and he can be superb; he has endured, and he can be cruel in his turn; he is capable of sacrifice, and he is capable of ingratitude; he is a man of genius, and he can be merely futile and superfluous. He is, as Nelson was, a hero of passion; and with him, as with Nelson, the great mass of mankind will always be in sympathy. —*The Saturday Review*.

POETS AND CRITICS:—In considering the infinitude of pain that has existed ever since man's 'fretful advent' upon the earth, the misery his mind has suffered from the play of his imagination has surely more than outweighed all those material woes which make up so large a portion of history. And much of this misery has been caused by his deep-seated reverence for the opinion of his fellows, that instinct for man-worship which has been a great factor in his 'rise and progress.' Of all temperaments the poetic has, of course, suffered most from this cause, being the most sensitive and the most sorely afflicted by the restless craving for sympathy. No doubt the poet is given to talking about his scorn of human opinion, the all-sufficingness of his art, and the like. But in nine cases out of ten that which impels the poet to work, that which makes him 'scorn delights and live laborious days,' is an exceptional yearning for sympathy, an involuntary reverence for the opinion of his fellow-man—a reverence more profound, more passionate, and more absorbing than the rest of us know. —*The Athenæum*.

Notes

GREAT things may be expected of the Christmas *Harper's Magazine*. The publishers say that it will as far excel the last Christmas number as that excelled all previous ones. The orders for it from England already show an increase of nearly one-half over those of last year, when they reached 53,000. The article on Christmas will be written by Mr. Charles Dudley Warner.

The title of J. S. of Dale's new book is 'The Crime of Henry Vane.' In this novel the serious side of the frivolous girl is treated.

'The Mistress of Ibichstein,' translated from the German by Miss S. E. Boggs, will soon be published in Holt's Leisure Hour Series.

Mr. Arnold's essay on Emerson, which we are reprinting from *Macmillan's Magazine*, is the complete text of the lecture that provoked so much discussion in this country a few months since. It should be read by all who may have passed a snap-judgment on Mr. Arnold's criticism of the Concord philosopher.

The volume of 'Rambles and Sketches in Holland,' written by Mr. G. H. Boughton and illustrated by Mr. Boughton and Mr. E. A. Abbey, will be published in September. It is dedicated to Mr. Abbey by Mr. Boughton, who has also designed the very attractive and picturesque cover of the book.

Messrs. Scribner have a few India proofs of Charles Burt's steel-engraved portrait of the poet Bryant in the Bryant and Gay history of the United States. They bear Mr. Bryant's autograph.

Max O'Rell, the author of 'John Bull et son Ile,' is engaged on a new book. Meanwhile, says *The Athenæum*, the *Bangabashi*, a Bengali newspaper of some standing, has recently translated the former work and published it piecemeal, with the heading 'Letters from Our London Correspondent.'

An arrangement has been made by the Italian Government, subject to ratification by Parliament, for the purchase of one of the four sections of the Ashburnham manuscripts, for about \$115,000.

A new edition of Delié's 'Franco-American Cookery Book' is announced by Messrs. Putnam.

Mr. H. H. Johnston's 'River Congo,' which has been so widely read and highly praised, is now published in a new one-volume edition.

Mr. Thomas B. Connery, for several years managing editor of the *Herald*, has just assumed editorial charge of *The New York Truth*, the ownership of which paper has passed into new hands. Mr. Connery is an experienced journalist, and is bound to make *Truth* what it has never been before—an interesting and reliable journal.

Harper & Brothers have just issued the forty-fifth edition of Mr. C. H. Haswell's famous *Mechanics' and Engineers' Pocket-Book*. The work has been entirely rewritten and greatly enlarged, the author having been engaged upon the preparation of this new edition for the last two years.

Mrs. Lucy M. Mitchell, author of 'A History of Ancient Sculpture,' has just been elected a corresponding member of the Archæological Institute of the German Empire. A noble Italian is, we believe, the only other lady who has been admitted to this august body. But the Countess Lovatelli-Caetani is an honorary member—not, like Mrs. Mitchell, one of the regular rank and file of workers.

'Arctic Exploration' and 'Polk's Administration' (1845-9) are the titles in the *Monthly Reference Lists* for May.

A popular 'Life of Wycliffe,' by John Laird Wilson, of the *Herald*, will be issued shortly in Funk & Wagnall's Standard Library in commemoration of the 500th anniversary of Wycliffe's death, December 31st, 1384.

Henry George's theories are keeping the book-makers busy. The latest result of their activity in this connection is 'The Labor-Value Fallacy,' by M. L. Scudder, Jr., which is just announced by Jansen, McClurg & Co. The same firm will issue simultaneously with the above the sixth and last volume of Topelius's 'Surgeon's Stories.'

In the preface of M. Renan's new work entitled 'Studies of Religious History,' the author announces that he is preparing a book to meet the need of modern religious life, taking for a model the manual of Epictetus. The work will be divided into fifty-two parts, giving for each Sunday extracts from the Gospel, and from his own and other spiritual writings.

Mr. Stockton will soon return from Europe, where he has been writing as well as sight-seeing. One of his stories written abroad will be published in the *July Century*. It is called 'The Reversible Landscape.' This will be followed by 'The Remarkable Wreck of the Thomas Hyke,' and 'A Tale of Negative Gravity.'

The spiritual adviser of the late novelist and playwright has just completed his 'Memoirs of Charles Reade.' He says that Mr. Reade was troubled in his mind, toward the close of his career, by his intimate connection with the stage.

S. W. Green's Son announces 'The Evolution of a Life,' being the memoirs of Major Seth Eyland, containing the record of the author's experience in the War as Captain of the First New York Mounted Rifles, Provost Marshal and Judge Advocate, together with his experiences as an art-student in Europe. The book is full of anecdotes.

The second instalment of John Burroughs's 'Country Thoughts and Days' is published in *The Current* of this date.

The Authors Club is at last pleasantly housed in its rooms at No. 19 West 24th Street, where the flow of literary conversation is occasionally interrupted by the sound of clashing arms, upborne from the floor beneath—the *salle d'armes* of the Fencing Club. The ranks of the latter organization, by the way, are largely recruited from those of the book-makers and editors overhead, who, however confident they may be of the superior merits of the pen, are apparently quite willing to excel in the use of the sword as well.

The Trustees of the Sailors' Snug Harbor should be thanked for having added one more to our not-too-large list of really artistic monuments. On Friday of last week, St. Gaudens's bronze statue of Randall, the founder of the institution, was unveiled on the grounds at Staten Island. The statue is as remarkable as the Farragut of the same sculptor for the simplicity and vigor of its conception. The pedestal of the Randall, like that of the Farragut, was designed by Stanford White.

E. P. Anderson of Bryn Mawr, Pa., sends us the following memorandum:—In a recent number of *The Westminster Review*, there is a critique on the Queen's new book, in which the writer says: 'A rhymester, whose name we forget, celebrated the old summer-house which stood near Kensington Palace as the place

Where thou, Great Anna, whom three realms obey,
Dost sometimes counsel take and sometimes tea.

Now seeing that these lines occur in the Third Canto of 'The Rape of the Lock,' the obscure and forgotten rhymester turns out to be Pope. Can it be that the writer in *The Westminster* did not know this? Or was he indulging in a stupid joke? Either supposition seems preposterous. But what shall we think? and what would Matthew Arnold say to this? For an American not to be thoroughly acquainted with Wordsworth will no longer be an overwhelming disgrace, if writers in one of the ablest of English reviews cannot trust their memories in regard to Pope's familiar poem. What are we to expect next? Will some other English reviewer some day refer to 'the poor devil, whose name we forget, who once said, "Not to know me argues yourselves unknown?"'

Mr. John Jacob Astor has recently presented to the Astor Library ten works, comprising sixteen volumes, for which, it is said, he paid about \$30,000. They are: (1) An Evangelistarium, or Lessons from the Gospels for Sundays and holy days throughout the year, written in Latin, on vellum, about the year 870. It cost \$5000. (2) One of the eight perfect copies of Wycliffe's New Testament, the first translation into English which the Reformer made, written on vellum about the year 1390, and bearing the autograph of Richard III. It cost \$5000. (3) An illuminated missal according to the use of Sarum, of the year 1440 or thereabouts. (4) 'Durandi Rationale Divinorum Officiorum,' printed by Faust and Schoeffer in 1459—the third book printed with a date. (5) A copy of the Vulgate, printed by Faust and Schoeffer in 1462—the first Bible printed with a date. It cost \$9000. (6) 'Biblia Sacra Polyglotta'—the Complutensian Polyglot Bible, the first Polyglot printed. It is in six volumes, and dates from 1514. (7) An imperfect copy of Tyndale's Pentateuch of 1530. (8) A copy of the first printed English Bible—Miles Coverdale's translation,—published in 1535. Imperfect, but in good condition. (9) A Latin Bible, printed in Paris in 1558, which owes its value to the fact that it belonged to the Grolier collection. It cost \$900. (10) A copy of the Eliot Bible of 1661–3. If the Astor Library is not all that we would like to see it, the fact can hardly be attributed to illiberality on the part of the family whose name it bears.

The Free Parliament.

[Communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

QUESTIONS.

No. 700.—In 'Romeo and Juliet,' III., 3, 1, does 'fearful' mean afraid, or very unlucky? Do the second and third lines of the same scene, 'Affliction is enamored of thy parts,' etc., refer to Romeo's unluckiness, or to his comparatively light sentence of banishment?

NEWBURGH, W. VA.

J. M.

['Fearful' here unquestionably means full of fear, afraid; as in 'Julius Caesar,' V., 1, 10:

'They could be content
To visit other places, and come down
With fearful bravery, thinking by this face
To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage;
But 'tis not so.'

'Here 'fearful bravery' is well explained by Craik as 'bravery in show or appearance, which yet is full of real fear or apprehension.' Compare Matthew, VIII., 28: 'Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith?' The lines that follow in 'Romeo and Juliet' clearly refer to the hero's bad fortune. Affliction is in love with him, claims him as her own.]

No. 701.—What is the pronunciation of the name Lewes, the husband of George Eliot? Is it one syllable or two?

BALTIMORE, MD.

DELTA.

[It is usually pronounced as if spelt Lewis.]

No. 702.—Can any whist-player tell me the origin of the game?

NEW YORK CITY.

J. E. K.

[According to Appleton's Cyclopaedia, 'the game is traced to that of triumph, or trumps, which was known in the early part of the Sixteenth Century, but was first clearly described by Edmund Hoyle in his "Short Treatise on the Game of Whist," in 1743.']

No. 703.—From what American bookseller can I get a copy of Mrs. Pfeiffer's 'Rhyme of the Lady of the Rock'? It is published in London by Kegan Paul, and was noticed in THE CRITIC of May 3.

KINGSTON, ONT.

K. S. MACL.

No. 704.—Who has been called the 'Brick and Mortar Poet'?

NEW YORK CITY.

L. S. CHAMBERS.

No. 705.—1. For a copy of No. 246 and No. 250 of *The North American Review*, I will give a copy of my Index to the Review, with supplement. 2. I should like to hear from any person of literary distinction who would join with me in the preparation and publication of my 'Century of Authors—1780–1880.' Half the work is already done.

18 WENDELL ST., CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

WM. CUSHING.

No. 706.—Are the following lines from Emerson's 'Threnody' wholly original with Emerson?

What is excellent,
As God lives, is permanent;
Hearts are dust, hearts' loves remain,
Heart's love will meet thee again.

MILTON, N. Y.

Q. U. E.

No. 707.—Who is the author of 'The Unseen Universe: Physical Speculations on a Future State,' published by Macmillan & Co. in 1878?

W. B. H.

[The book was first printed anonymously, but it soon became known in literary circles that it was the joint production of two kindred minds, both well-known men of science—Prof. Balfour Stewart and Prof. P. G. Tait. Subsequent editions have borne the authors' names.]

No. 708.—Some days past I was in the country and saw a very interesting old book—a French Bible with a preface by Calvin, containing the Apocrypha and the Psalms, with music for chanting. It is 15½×10×5 inches, and is well preserved for its age, though the title-page and some other leaves are missing. Nowhere can I find the printer's name. The book was printed in 1657 and sent from France to a young lady, an escaped Huguenot living in America, and an ancestor of the present possessors. Can any one tell me to what edition this probably belongs, and whether it is especially valuable?

HAMPDEN SIDNEY COLLEGE, VA.

ROB. B. PALMER.

[We cannot say to what edition the book belongs. Its imperfect condition reduces its commercial value to little or nothing.]

No. 709.—1. Who publishes Moses Coit Tyler's work on American literature? 2. What is the best text-book of American literature for use in schools—more extensive than Richardson's Primer?

WILMINGTON, OHIO.

F. H. A.

[1. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 2. Oscar Fay Adams's 'Brief Handbook of American Authors' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 75 cents) is a somewhat larger work than Richardson's.]

No. 710.—Please tell me which are the best historical atlases, who publishes them, and what they cost.

NEW YORK CITY.

THOMAS G. SMOLLETT.

[We should recommend E. A. Freeman's 'Historical Geography of Europe' (Vol. 1., text, Vol. II., maps) as being as good as any. (81s. Scribner & Welford.) For classical geography, we should be satisfied with Baird's Classical Manual or Long's Classical Atlas. (Sheldon & Co.) There are some admirable German atlases for sale at Westermann's.]

No. 711.—1. Please state the number of inhabitants necessary to erect a Territory into a State. 2. Can you give me the names of any book-dealers or importers of whom I can obtain reports of the proceedings of learned societies, particularly philological?

DAMASCUS, PENN.

A. B. C.

[1. The Ordinance of 1787 required that the States to be formed out of the Northwest Territory should each be entitled to admission to the Union when the population numbered 60,000. The act for the government of the Territory of Louisiana required the same number for the admission of any part of it as a State. These precedents would no doubt still be observed should the question of population be raised on an application of admission of a State. 2. The proceedings of learned societies abroad may be obtained through any importing bookseller. *The Athenaeum* contains weekly notes of the proceedings of the English societies. A. B. C. should consult Prof. Gildersleeve's *Journal of Philology*, published at Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore.]

No. 712.—I should like to be put on the track of good translations in modern English, rhymed and metred, of the 'Nibelungen Lied' and 'Beowulf.'

SALEM, N. Y.

E. P. K.

[W. N. Lettsom's translation of the 'Nibelungen Lied' into 'Locksley-Hall' like verse is the most musical English translation we know of. Col. H. W. Lumsden's ballad-measure translation of 'Beowulf' is the smoothest of the English versions of the poem, though Garnett's unrhymed, rhythmical translation is better.]

ANSWERS.

No. 672.—United States: 'Leatherstocking and Silk,' by J. Esten Cooke (the Valley of Virginia in 1800); 'More than She Could Bear,' by H. Bendbow, (Gachupin War in Texas, 1812); 'The White Slave,' by R. Hildreth, 'The Creole,' by J. B. Cobb, 'The Double Hero,' by N. C. Iron, 'The Subaltern,' by Gleig, and 'Hardscrabble,' and 'Wannanage,' both by Richardson, all treat of the War of 1812. France: The following treat of the Empire up to 1815, and Louis XVIII.: 'The Conscript,' 'The Great Invasion,' and 'Waterloo,' all three by Erekman-Chatrain; Hugo's 'Les Misérables,' Tom Moore's 'Fudge Family in Paris,' and Charnier's 'Ben Brace.' Great Britain: 'Whitehall,' by W. Maginn, (George IV. and his time); 'The Shadow of the Sword,' by Robert Buchanan, (the return from Elba); 'Aims and Obstacles,' by G. P. R. James (Campaign of 1815); 'Alton Locke,' by Kingsley, and 'Sybil,' by Disraeli (the Chartists). Germany: 'Prince Louis Ferdinand,' by Lewald and 'In the Year '73,' by Fritz Reuter, both treat of the war with France; and the following three of the Tyrol revolt: Mühlbach's 'Hofer,' Bramley Moon's 'Hofer,' and Miss Manning's 'In the Year '9.' Spain (the Peninsular war): J. G. Milligan's 'Stories of the Torres Vedras,' Dallas's 'Alvarez,' Grant's 'Romance of War,' and Blackmore's 'Alice Lorraine.'

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

V. O. N.

The impression, which seems to be common, that THE TRAVELERS' INSURANCE COMPANY, of Hartford, Conn., is merely an Accident Company, is a great mistake. It is true that it is the only large Accident Company in America, and the largest in the world; but it is also a Life Company of unsurpassed soundness and cheapness. As it does not lead its premium rates for presumptive 'dividends,' they are lower than those of almost any other sound company.